

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Poem,
In a world where kindness is often fleeting,

In a world where kindness is often fleeting, Let's gather the words, our hearts entreating. A poem we shall weave, with love as our guide, To teach respect, and the spirit inside. Parents, oh guardians of life's tender bloom, Nurture their souls in compassion's gentle room. From their lips, let wisdom's river flow, Plant seeds of empathy, let them deeply sow. Schools, the sanctuaries of knowledge and growth, Where minds blossom and horizons both loath. In these hallowed halls, let respect take its stance, A lesson to be learned in every single chance.

Religion, a beacon of faith's sacred grace, Let its teachings echo in every sacred space. In prayers and sermons, let tolerance unfurl, Unifying hearts, embracing every boy and girl. Vandalism, a tempest that shatters trust, A destructive storm, leaving souls nonplussed. Instead, let's teach hands to create, not destroy, Preserving beauty, fostering shared joy.

Let care be bestowed upon the old and frail, Their wisdom a treasure, a poignant tale. Their spirits resilient, deserving of our aid, A debt of gratitude, on their path, we laid.

The sick and disabled, warriors unseen, Heroes of strength, in battles unforeseen. May our love be their armour, our support their might, Together we'll march, embracing their light.

So, let us write these words in every heart, A symphony of respect, a timeless art. For in unity we find strength and grace, Embracing humanity, leaving no soul misplaced.

By Donald Jay